Jack went out and sold some weed. He got his cigarettes. It amazed me but he still had a good head for business. My neighbor walking his dog in the morning regularly met Jack emerging from the alley with one of his own clients. He was a good guy all right.

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Serge said the manager was just an old hippie. For once he got it right, but he put the wrong spin on it. Poor Serge. He meant that hippies were good because they were easy-going. They didn't get angry when you were late for shift change. I hated hippies. They were worse ass-holes than Serge himself. Serge once gave me a book by David Suzuki. The cheek. I'm convinced that Serge and the manager joined the Green Party out of parsimony.

The manager was obsessive about the cigarette money. I used to go to a variety store across from the Asylum and buy contraband "Native" cigarettes. The staff then sold them out of the office, for a little more than what they cost. This meant that Frederick (not Fred) didn't have to pay fifty cents for a cigarette from the Koreans on the corner, and the money he made in the "kitchen program" went a lot farther. In a few minutes he could panhandle enough for a pack. When all the cigs were gone I took the money out of the little blue dish and bought some more.

Patricia started to use my cigarette money as a float. This